neighbours had dozens of them ! They had burrowed, and came up smiling in houses where they were far from welcome.

This by the way. Miss Herbert, who looked like the Blessed Darnosel leaning out " across the bar of heaven," was not very well suited to the line of parts that she was playing at the St. James's, but she was very much admired. During the run of " Friends and Foes" she fell ill. Her illness was Kate's opportunity. From the night that Kate played Mrs, Union, her reputation was made.

It was a splendid chance, no doubt, but of what use would it have been to any one who was not ready to use it ? Kate, though only about nineteen at this time, was a finished actress. She had been a perfect Ariel, a beautiful Cordelia, and had played at least forty other parts of importance since she had appeared as a tiny Robin in the Keans' production of " The Merry Wives of Windsor/' She had not had her head turned by big salaries, and she had never ceased working since she was four years old. No wonder that she was capable of bearing the burden of a piece at a moment's notice. The Americans cleverly say that " the lucky cat *watches" I* should add that the lucky cat *works.* Reputations on the stage—at any rate, endur- ing reputations— are not made by chance, and to an actress who has not worked hard tbg finest opportunity in the world will be utterly useless. "•-„./•'

My own opinion of my sister's acting must be taken for what it is worth—and that is very little. I remember how she looked on the stage—like a frail

white azalea—
and that her acting, unlike that of Adelaide Neilson, who
was the great popular favourite before Kate came to the
front, was scientific. She knew what she was about.
There was more ideality than passionate womanliness in